



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



48.652.











Bouleauin Library Oxford

HYMNS

OF

THE HEART,

FOR

The use of Catholics:

BY

MATTHEW BRIDGES, ESQ.

---

LONDON :

RICHARDSON AND SON, 172, FLEET ST. ;  
9, CAPEL ST. DUBLIN ; AND DERBY.

1848.



## PREFACE.

---

It has occurred to the writer, as it may have done to others, that a small and cheap collection of such pieces as the following, might not be unacceptable to pious Catholics. An opportunity, in any event, is thus afforded himself, of publicly expressing his poignant and unmitigated regret, for having ever used his feeble pen against that holy and Apostolic

Church, which by divine grace he has lately been enabled to join, after nearly eight years of labour spent in investigating her claims, and a desire throughout that entire period, that he might be mercifully guided aright by the Spirit of God into the fulness of divine truth.

These hymns and paraphrases are originals, excepting the six last, which are borrowed, and adapted to the object in view, with requisite additions or alterations. There is one amongst the latter entitled *Crux Sublata*, which will perhaps come

home to the breast of many an Anglican convert; whose heart, racked and torn with sorrows peculiarly its own, has finally been brought into the right way by the pierced hand of an adorable Saviour,—which, in conducting His faithful people from the cross to the crown, will at last wipe off all tears from off all faces.

*Nottingham,  
Feast of the Ascension, 1848.*



## **Contents.**

	<b>PAGE.</b>
<b>Address of a Christian to his soul at sunrise</b>	9
<b>Latus Salvatoris</b>	12
<b>Meditation</b>	14
<b>In coelo quies</b>	18
<b>Confirmation</b>	22
<b>Ecce Agnus Dei</b>	24
<b>Christmas</b>	28
<b>Anima Christi</b>	34
<b>Dona nobis pacem</b>	38
<b>Præterit figura mundi</b>	40
<b>Ascension</b>	42
<b>Veni Sancte Spiritus</b>	46
<b>Lacrymatus est Jesus</b>	49

	PAGE.
<b>Ave Maria</b>	51
<b>Rosa mystica</b>	55
<b>Turris Eburnea</b>	58
<b>Fœderis arca</b>	60
<b>Janua ocelli</b>	63
<b>Stella Matutina!</b>	66
<b>Domus aurea</b>	68
<b>All Saints!</b>	70
<b>St. Francis Xavier</b>	75
<b>Dies Iræ.—Dies Illa</b>	80
<b>Surrender</b>	85
<b>Crux Sublata</b>	87
<b>Peccator ad Christum</b>	91
<b>Christus ad Peccatorem</b>	93
<b>Sub cruce Christi</b>	95

## **THE ADDRESS OF A CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL AT SUNRISE.**

**Soil not thy plumage, gentle dove,  
With sublunary things,—  
Till in the fount of light and love,  
Thou shalt have bath'd thy wings.**

**Shall Nature from her couch arise,  
And rise for thee in vain ?  
While heaven, and earth, and seas, and  
skies,  
Such types of truth contain.**

See—where the Sun of Righteousness,  
Unfolds the gates of day :  
Go,—meet Him in his glorious dress,  
And quaff the orient ray !

There, where ten thousand seraphs stand,  
To crown the circling hours,—  
Soar thou,—and from that blissful land  
Bring down unfading flowers :

Some Rose of Sharon, dyed in blood,  
Some spice of Gilead's balm,  
Some lily wash'd in Calvary's flood,  
Some branch of heavenly palm !

And let the drops of sparkling dew,  
From Siloa's spring be shed,  
To form a fragrance fresh and new,  
A halo round thy head.

Spread then thy plumes of faith and prayer,  
Nor fear to wend away ;  
And let a glow of heavenly air,  
Gild every earthly day !

•

## LATUS SALVATORIS.

THERE is an everlasting Home,  
Where contrite souls may hide ;  
Where death and danger dare not come,  
The Saviour's Side !

It was a cleft of matchless love,  
Open'd when He had died,—  
When mercy hail'd in worlds above  
That wounded Side !

Hail ! Rock of Ages ! pierc'd for me, . . .  
The grave of all my pride ;  
Hope, peace, and heaven, are all in thee,  
Thy sheltering Side !

There issued forth the double flood,  
The sin-atoning tide,—  
In streams of water and of blood,  
From that dear Side!

There is the only Fount of Bliss,  
In joy and sorrow tried,—  
No refuge for the heart like this,—  
A Saviour's Side!

Thither the Church through all her days,  
Points as a faithful guide,  
And celebrates with ceaseless praise,  
That spear-pierc'd Side!

## MEDITATION.

**S**AVIOUR! with secret sighs to Thee,  
I bring my heart, and bend the knee :  
Be Thou alone my living Head,  
To feed me with celestial bread :  
That grace and truth from Thee may flow,  
To make me in Thine image grow !

**A** wanderer through this lonely vale,  
I feel the world around me fail :  
Lost in the watches of the night,  
Thy Cross alone can give me light :  
Oh ! let its sweet directing ray  
Transform my darkness into day !

A brook runs oft along the road  
That leads, O Lord, to Thine abode:  
And murmuring on, through doubts and  
    fears,  
It swells into a tide of tears:—  
Ah! let Thine intermingling blood  
Hallow and heal that bitter flood!

Delusive friends—irrisive foes,  
At every step my path oppose:  
Remind me, Lord—that in Thy fold,  
A traitor once his Master sold ;—  
And that a world could place with scorn  
Upon Thy brows a crown of thorn !

Sometimes the light will seem to shine,  
With radiance more than half divine,—  
And then, behind a sable cloud,  
Its glory hide in gloomy shroud :—  
Let such eclipse bring home to me,  
The sad, dear scenes of Calvary !

There let those words, which told so well  
Thy Mother, what none else could tell ;—  
There let Thy last expiring groan,  
For deep transgressions, not Thine own ;—  
There let the woe, which quench'd the  
sun,—  
Atone for all that I have done !

There let the spear that open'd wide,  
 A double fountain from Thy side,—  
 Achieve the death of inward sin,  
 And make me whole and pure within :  
 Restoring all our nature lost,—  
 The ransom which a soul hath cost!

There on that tree of glorious shame,  
 Acknowledge, Lord, my worthless name :  
 To Thee I look, to Thee I fly,—  
 There let me live, and love, and die!  
 Through Thee accepted, blest, forgiven :  
 Led by Thine hand from earth to heaven!

**IN CŒLO QUIES!**

**THERE** is a world as yet to come,  
And come how soon it may,—  
**Where** the blest spirits are at home  
In everlasting day!

**There** they live on, who cease to mourn,  
Deliver'd from their fears ;  
**For** Christ, who all their sins hath borne,  
Now wipes away their tears.

There is the City of our God,  
Adorn'd with every gem;  
By hosts cherubic ever trod,—  
The new Jerusalem!

There are the walls of jasper fair,  
Whose pearly portals shine,  
And fill the circumambient air  
With radiance all divine.

There are the streets of polish'd gold,  
Clear as transparent glass,—  
Which forms of saints and seraphs hold  
In ardour, as they pass!

Through vernal vales of verdure bright,  
A stream of endless joy,—  
There flows the river of delight,  
A scene without alloy.

There need they not the blaze of noon,  
From its meridian thrown,—  
Nor the soft glories of the moon,  
Where night is never known !

No fane is there, uprear'd with hands,  
Where victims oft have died,—  
The Lamb their only temple stands,  
In union with his Bride !

No death is there, nor curse, nor pang,  
Nor discord on that shore ;  
The hymn triumphant legions sang,  
They sing for evermore !

For they behold without a veil,  
The God who man became ;  
And ceaseless Alleluias hail  
His beatific name !

Away then from this earth, my soul,  
On wings of rapture rise ;  
Nor let a thought thy flight control,  
To tempt thee from the skies !

## CONFIRMATION.

My God, accept my heart this day,  
And make it always Thine,—  
That I from Thee no more may stray,  
No more from Thee decline.

Before the cross of Him who died,  
Behold I prostrate fall :  
Let every sin be crucified,—  
Let Christ be all in all !

Anoint me with Thy heavenly grace,  
Adopt me for Thine own,—  
That I may see Thy glorious face,  
And worship at Thy throne !

May the dear blood, once shed for me,  
My blest atonement prove,—  
That I from first to last may be  
The purchase of Thy love !

Let every thought, and work, and word,  
To Thee be ever given,—  
Then life shall be Thy service, Lord,  
And death the gate of heaven!

**ECCE AGNUS DEI.**

**Behold the Lamb!**  
**Oh ! Thou for sinners slain,—**  
**Let it not be in vain,**  
**That Thou hast died :**  
**Thee for my Saviour let me take,—**  
**Thee,—Thee alone my refuge make,—**  
**Thy pierced side!**

**Behold the Lamb !**  
**Into the sacred flood,—**  
**Of Thy most precious blood**  
**My soul I cast :—**

Wash me and make me pure and clean,  
Uphold me thro' life's changeful scene,  
Till all be past!

Behold the Lamb!  
Archangels,—fold your wings,—  
Seraphs,—hush all the strings  
Of million lyres:  
The Victim, veil'd on earth, in love,—  
Unveil'd,—enthron'd,—ador'd above,  
All heaven admires!

Behold the Lamb!  
Drop down, ye glorious skies,—  
He dies,—He dies,—He dies,—  
For man once lost!

Yet lo ! He lives,—He lives,—He lives,—  
And to His church Himself He gives,—  
    Incarnate Host !

Behold the Lamb !  
All hail,—Eternal Word !—  
Thou universal Lord,—  
    Purge out our leaven :  
Clothe us with godliness and good,  
Feed us with Thy celestial food,—  
    Manna from heaven !

Behold the Lamb !  
Saints, wrapt in blissful rest,—  
Souls,—waiting to be blest,—  
    Oh ! Lord,—how long !

Thou church on earth, o'erwhelm'd  
with fears,  
Still in this vale of woe and tears,  
Swell the full song.

Behold the Lamb !  
Worthy is He alone,—  
Upon the iris-throne  
Of God above !  
One with the Ancient of all days,—  
One with the Paraclete in praise,—  
All light,—all love !

## CHRISTMAS.

**INFANT Jesus !**

**Lead me to Thy peaceful manger,**  
**Wondrous Babe of Bethlehem !**  
**Shepherds hail Thee, though a stranger,**  
**Let me worship Thee with them :**  
**I am vile, but Thou art holy,**  
**Oh ! unite my heart to Thee :**  
**Make me pure, and keep me lowly,**  
**Just what Thou wouldest have me be.**

**Root of Jesse !**

Let me listen to the story  
More than full of matchless love,  
How the Lord of grace and glory  
Left for us His throne above:  
Touch'd with sympathy so tender  
Man must marvel, seraphs gaze—  
Let me hasten to surrender  
Soul and body to Thy praise.

**Child of Mary !**

Blessed is Thy Virgin Mother—  
Blessed among women she,  
Who alone, without another,  
Realiz'd the mystery !

Prophets, priests, and hoary sages  
Paths of learning vainly trod :  
She arose,—Desire of Ages,—  
She conceiv'd the Son of God !

Word Incarnate !  
Dread unfathomable wonder,—  
Miracle of love and grace :  
God and man, once far asunder,  
Here approach, unite, embrace !  
Here Jehovah, the Eternal,  
Shines behind a human veil :  
Prostrate fall the powers infernal,  
Satan trembles, death is pale !

**Spotless Victim !**

For though now in lustre lying,  
As a Lamb of countless price,—  
Thou shalt dare the doom of dying,  
Thou shalt be our Sacrifice !  
Thou shalt climb the mystic mountain,  
Thou shalt on the cross expire,  
Thou shalt open mercy's fountain,  
Thou shalt quench Thy Father's fire !

**Prince of Pardon !**

Thou shalt tread those rayless regions  
Where the king of terror reigns :  
Thou shalt set at large their legions,  
Whom till then his key detains !

Thou in weakness condescending  
In our flesh to live and die,—  
Then, the realms of Hades rending,  
Swallowedst death in victory !

Hope of Sinners !  
Dear Redeemer ! Precious Saviour,  
Offspring of the royal Maid,—  
By Thy meek and pure behaviour  
In her folding arms display'd :  
By Thy tears of earliest anguish,  
On no mortal brow impearl'd,—  
By the love that could not languish,  
Thou hast sav'd a ruin'd world !

Crown of Angels !  
Hark ! innumerable voices  
    Burst upon the ravish'd ear :  
Heaven from choir to choir rejoices,  
    Lo ! Emmanuel is here !  
Hail, adorable Creator !—  
    Seraphs, strike ten thousand chords !  
Hail, of all things Consummator !  
    King of kings, and Lord of lords !

**ANIMA CHRISTI.**

**SOUL of Jesus,—once for me,  
Offer'd on the shameful tree ;  
Heal, and make me by that cure  
Pure as Thou Thyself art pure ;  
Thou of life the Fountain fair,  
Draw me in, and keep me there.**

**Form of Jesus,—one with God,  
Who the dreadful winepress trod :  
Man of Sorrows, drown'd in grief,  
Thou of sin the sole relief :  
Be Thy sacramental power  
Present at my dying hour !**

Blood of Jesus,—crimson sea !  
Glorious as eternity !  
Fathomless—alone—sublime,  
Boundless Bath of human crime :  
Me the leper, vile and mean,  
Plunge me there, and make me clean !

Water—from that sacred side  
Of a God, who groan'd and died,—  
Blending with the purple gore  
When His agony was o'er;  
Flow in mercy, full and free,  
Flow for sinners, flow for me.

Holy Jesus! Great I AM !  
Shining in a spotless Lamb !  
Gentle as the Heavenly Dove,  
Thou the Lord of light and love!  
By Thy passion, by Thy prayer,  
Snatch me from my own despair !

Hide me where that wound was given,  
Piercing to the heart of heaven :  
Hide me where those nails unmeet  
Rent Thy hands, and fix'd Thy feet :  
Hide me where red drops ran down  
From that sad acanthine crown !

Holy Jesus!—Let me be  
Never separate from Thee :  
From the malice of the foe  
Ward me in the Vale of woe :  
Let me, yielding up my breath,  
Find a Paradise in death !

There no more shall night be known,  
Safely prostrate at Thy throne ;  
Call'd by Thee to realms of day  
Where all tears are wip'd away :  
Jesu!—Thou my rest shalt be—  
Faith hath found her home in Thee !

**DONA NOBIS PACEM.**

**BLESSED Lamb—on Calvary's mountain  
Slain to take our sins away:  
Let the drops of that rich fountain  
Our tremendous ransom pay:  
Sacred Saviour! Sacred Saviour!  
Lowly at Thy feet we pray.**

**Blessed Lamb—vouchsafe us pardon,  
In Thy love our souls confide:  
By Thy groans within the garden,  
By the death which Thou hast died—  
Let Thy Passion—Let Thy Passion  
Evermore with us abide!**

So shall Peace—sweet Peace be given,  
Purchase of Thy precious pain;  
So shall earth but lead to heaven,  
Since for us the Lamb was slain!  
Dear Redeemer! Dear Redeemer!  
Thou canst not have died in vain.

**PRÆTERIT FIGURA MUNDI.**

The world is all illusion,  
A dream that fades away,  
As night in strange confusion  
Fades into opening day!  
Distress—and pain—and sorrow  
Complete the woeful tale:  
Whilst gleams of joy to-morrow  
Are promises—to fail!

Then seek not on the billow  
To build a place of rest;  
Nor in the waving willow  
Presume to make thy nest:—

The soul has here no portion,  
From realm to region driven;  
All—all is an abortion—  
Till home be reach'd in heaven!

There only is no anguish—  
The Tree of Life is there;  
There flowers cannot languish  
In fields for ever fair:—  
The heart with each affection  
Has reach'd its final shrine,  
Where glass'd in full reflection  
Emmanuel's glories shine!

## ASCENSION.

Rise—glorious Conqueror, rise,  
Into Thy native skies,—  
Assume Thy right:  
And where in many a fold  
The clouds are backward roll'd—  
Pass through those gates of gold,  
And reign in light!

Victor o'er death and hell!  
Cherubic legions swell  
The radiant train:

Praises all heaven inspire;  
Each angel sweeps his lyre,  
And claps his wings of fire,—  
Thou Lamb once slain !

Enter, Incarnate God !—  
No feet, but Thine, have trod  
The serpent down:  
Blow the full trumpets, blow !  
Wider yon portals throw !  
Saviour—triumphant—go,  
And take Thy crown !

Lion of Judah—Hail !—  
And let Thy name prevail  
From age to age:

Lord of the rolling years,—  
Claim for Thine own the spheres,  
For Thou hast bought with tears  
Thy heritage!

Yet—who are these behind,  
In numbers more than mind  
Can count or say—  
Cloth'd in immortal stoles,  
Illumining the poles—  
A galaxy of souls,  
In white array!

And then was heard afar  
Star answering to star—  
Lo! these have come,

**Followers of Him, who gave  
His life, their lives to save;  
And now their palms they wave,  
Brought safely home.**

**Oh Lord! ascend Thy throne!  
For Thou shalt rule alone  
Beside thy Sire,  
With the great Paraclete,  
The Three in One complete—  
Before whose awful feet  
All foes expire!**

**VENI SANCTE SPIRITUS!**

Oh! for those solitary hours,  
When grace descends in silent showers;  
When all the Visible withdraws  
In solemn, fitful, awful pause;  
And memory, like a glassy sea,  
Looks up in calmness, Lord, to Thee!

Then, let Thine image on this heart  
Be deeply felt in every part:  
Each motion of the will subdue—  
Inform, correct, instruct, renew;  
The motives guide—the thoughts refine,  
Thyself the type, from line to line!

Come then, thou Holy Spirit, come,  
And worthy make a worthless home:  
All folly into wisdom turn,—  
And let me live, to love and learn :  
Pride with its piteous dress consume,  
And lay in lowliness its tomb !

Eternal, Brooding, Glorious Dove !  
Breathe sweetly from Thy throne above :  
The weight of every wave control,  
Be Thou the conscience of my soul ;  
Till self absorb'd—I sit and sing  
Beneath the shadow of Thy wing !

Through Thee, let all the peace of heaven  
In every sacrament be given:  
The precious Eucharistic Bread,  
That body of our Priest and Head—  
Oh ! let it prove my ransom price,  
A daily—paschal—sacrifice!

So dead to sin, when Thou art near,  
Preserve me from corruption clear;  
Feed me with rich celestial food,—  
Whilst trials rage, yet work for good;  
Till final perseverance crown  
The conflict Thou hast made Thine own !

**LACRYMATUS EST JESUS.****John xi. 35.**

BRIGHT were the mornings first impearl'd  
O'er earth, and sea, and air;  
The birth-days of a rising world—  
For power divine was there.

But fairer shone the tears of God,  
For Lazarus, o'er his grave;—  
Since love divine bedew'd the sod  
Of one He sought to save.

Sweet drops of grace, the pledges given  
Of Mercy's mighty plan,—  
That He, who was the Prince of heaven,  
Had pity upon man !

Let us Thy dear example, Lord,  
Fix'd in our memories keep,—  
That we, obedient to Thy word,  
May weep with those that weep.

**AVE MARIA.**

HAIL, holy Virgin ! Mary—Hail !  
Whose tender mercies never fail;  
Mother of Christ, of grace divine,  
Of purity the spotless shrine,—  
Mother of God, with virtues crown'd,  
Most faithful—pitiful—renown'd:  
Deign from thy throne to look on me,  
And hear my mournful Litany.

Mirror of justice, and of joy,  
Wisdom itself without alloy;

Vessel of honour, and of grace,  
Beholding Jesus face to face :  
Mystical Rose of rich perfume,—  
Beauty of beauties, bath'd in bloom :  
Deign from thy throne to look on me,  
And hear my solemn Litany.

Thou Ivory Tower, beyond compare,  
Like that of David, yet more rare;  
Palace of peace, and House of Gold,  
Ark of the Covenant of old ;—  
Gate of that heaven beheld afar,  
And of dark night the Morning Star :  
Deign from thy throne to look on me,  
And listen to my Litany.

Health of the weak, to make them strong,  
Refuge of sinners, and their song;  
Comfort of each afflicted breast,  
Haven of hope in realms of rest;—  
Queen of the patriarchs gone before,  
Light of the prophets' learned lore:  
Deign from thy throne to look on me,  
And hear my lowly Litany.

Queen of the thousand thousand quires,  
Where angels sweep unnumber'd lyres;  
Queen of apostles, where they reign  
Assessors to the Lamb once slain;  
Queen of the martyrs—where they glow  
In raiment whiter wash'd than snow:

Queen of all virgins, look on me,  
And listen to my Litany.

Lead me, oh ! lead me to thy Son,  
To taste and feel what He has done;  
To lay me low before His cross,  
And reckon all besides as dross :—  
To speak, and think, and will, and move,  
And love, as thou wouldest have me love :  
Oh ! look upon this bended knee,  
And hear my heart's own Litany.

### ROSA MYSTICA.

Rose of the Cross, thou mystic flower !

I lift my heart to thee:  
In every melancholy hour,  
Mary ! remember me.

A wanderer here, through many a wild  
Where few their way can see,—  
Bloom with thy fragrance on thy child;  
Mary ! remember me.

Let me but stand where thou hast stood,  
Beside the crimson tree;  
And by the water and the blood,  
Mary ! remember me.

There let me wash my sinful soul,  
And be from sin set free;  
Drawn by thy love, by grace made whole;  
Mary ! remember me.

Be thy blest Son my all in all,  
To whom for life I flee;  
And when before His feet I fall,—  
Mary ! remember me.

Lead me for ever to adore  
The glorious One in Three;  
And whilst I tremble more and more,  
Mary! remember me.

Rose of the Cross, thou thornless flower,  
May I thy follower be;  
And when temptation yields its power,  
Mary! remember me.

**TURRIS EBURNEA.**

**DAUGHTER of David, ever fair,  
In all thy gentle power,  
Oh! let me find thy gracious care  
An Ivory Tower!**

**Created by the King of kings  
To be His own abode,—  
Beneath the shadow of His wings,  
Mother of God!**

**For this to thee in each distress  
As shelter man may run,  
And through thee hasten on to bless  
Thy glorious Son.**

Defend me then in thine embrace,  
Where safety blends with rest,  
To make my paradise of grace  
Thy virgin breast.

Beauty of women! Matchless Maid!  
Immaculate, sublime;  
When death in lowly dust hath laid  
All towers of time,—

Thy light impearl'd in bliss shall glow,  
And I will look to thee,—  
For thou hast been in weal and woe,  
A Tower to me.

**FEDERIS ARCA.**

HOLY of holies! rend the veil  
Before thy throne of gold:  
Ark of the Covenant, all hail,—  
The Virgin we behold !

Bright cherubim and seraphim,  
In one mysterious crowd,  
Expand the everlasting hymn  
That rolls from cloud to cloud.

Odours, in folds of fragrant fumes,  
 Pervade the ravish'd skies;  
 Whilst angels form, with arching plumes,  
 A firmament of eyes! \*

They gaze, and as they gaze, they shine,  
 And as they shine, admire,  
 With adoration all divine,—  
 All love,—all life,—all fire!

No temple there is made with hands  
 By human priesthood trod;  
 Alone the once-slain Victim stands,  
 The living Lamb of God !

\* Ezech. i. 18—23: x. 12: Apocal. iv. 8.

To Him the Blessed Mary prays,  
With Him she intercedes;  
The Church, around her, homage pays,  
For whom her mercy pleads.

Oh ! that on earth we yet may bear  
A part with those above;  
And mingling oft in spirit there,  
Be swallow'd up of love.

**JANUA CŒLI.**

GATE of immortal bliss,—  
Whose sweet celestial ray  
Comes shining o'er the vast abyss,  
That severs night from day.—

My soul unfurls her wings  
To soar aloft to thee,—  
And far remov'd from earthly things,  
Adores thy mystery.

The prophet saw that fane  
Of heavenly beauty fair,  
Where Deity itself would deign  
To find a dwelling there:  
  
One portal stood alone,\*  
Of peerless pearl its frame:  
There would the Lord ascend his throne,  
And Mary was its name.  
  
All hail, thou Matchless Maid !  
An entrance make for me,—  
Where He in glory is display'd  
Who came to us thro' thee.

---

\* Ezekiel xliv. 1, 2.

By all, and more than mothers know  
In their maternal state,—  
By all thy vigils, tears, and woe,  
Thyself immaculate ;—

Thou Virgin Queen of earth and heaven,  
Present me to thy Son,—  
That every sin may be forgiven  
And a fresh trophy won.

**STELLA MATUTINA!**

**STAR of the Morning, like an eye  
That beams upon the brow of love;  
Oh! let thy lustrous radiancy  
Shine from above!**

**Crown of the opening day of days,  
When Jesus as an infant smil'd ;  
Teach every heart aright to praise  
Thy Holy Child !**

**Brightness of beauty,—Diadem  
Of nature rising out of night ;  
Lamp of the church ! her Bridal Gem,  
Fountain of Light !**

Glory of that celestial zone  
Arrang'd by God in dread array,—  
A galaxy around His throne  
Of saints that pray ;

Centre, and source of endless grace  
For those, who on thee humbly call;  
With the bright visions of thy face  
Illumine all !

Star of the Morning, like an eye  
That beams upon the brow of love ;  
Oh ! let thy lustrous radiancy  
Shine from above !

**DOMUS AUREA.**

**LIGHT! Light! Infinite Light!**  
The mountains melted away :  
Ten thousand thousand seraphim bright  
Were lost in a blaze of day :  
For God was there, and beneath His feet  
A pavement of sapphires glow'd,\*  
As the mirror of glory transcendantly  
meet  
**To reflect His own abode !**

**Love! Love! Infinite Love!**  
The lowly Lady of grace

---

\* Exodus xxiv. 10.

Bows underneath the o'ershadowing Dove,  
Her eternal Son to embrace !  
For God is there, the Ancient of Days,  
An Infant of human years :  
Whilst angels around them incessantly  
gaze,  
And nature is wrapt in tears !

Peace ! Peace ! Infinite Peace !  
A Golden House hath it found,  
Whose ineffable beauty must ever increase  
With immortality crown'd !  
For God was there, the Lord of the skies,  
Whose loud alleluias ran,  
From heaven to earth,—as Emmanuel lies  
In the arms of Mary for man !

## ALL SAINTS !

**HEAD of the Hosts in glory!**

**We joyfully adore Thee,—**

**Thy church on earth below,**

**Blending with those on high,—**

**Where through the azure sky**

**Thy saints in ecstasy,—**

**For ever glow!**

**Armies of God! in union**

**With us, through one communion,—**

**Pour forth sweet prayers:**

Our souls in love embrace,—  
Around the Saviour's face,—  
And ask His special grace  
To soothe our cares.

Offer those golden vials\*  
Of odours,—for our trials,—  
Before the throne:  
Till God the Father smile  
On us,—though we were vile,—  
Now counted without guile,  
Through Christ alone!

---

\* *Apocalypse, v. 8.*

Then raise the song of gladness,  
To dissipate our sadness—  
Along this vale of tears;  
We wend our weary way  
Up towards the realms of day,—  
And watch,—and wait,—and pray,  
Constant in fears!

Holy Apostles! beaming  
With radiance brightly streaming  
From diadems of power;  
Call on the awful name,—  
That we, through flood and flame  
The gospel may proclaim  
In every hour!

Martyrs!—whose mystic legions  
March o'er yon heavenly regions  
In triumph round and round:  
Wave—wave your banners—wave!  
Your God—our Saviour, clave  
For Death itself a grave,—  
In hell profound!

Saints!—in fair circles, casting  
Rich trophies everlasting  
At Jesu's pierced feet,—  
Amidst our rude alarms,  
Stretch forth your conquering arms,  
That we too, safe from harms,  
In heaven may meet!

Virgins!—in bliss transcendent,  
Whose coronals resplendent  
    Unwithering bloom:  
Exalt, in ceaseless lays,  
Him whom all anthems praise,  
And oft our spirits raise  
    With your perfume!

Angels—Archangels! glorious  
Guards of the church victorious!  
    Worship the Lamb!  
Crown Him with crowns of light,—  
One of the Three by right,—  
Love,—Majesty,—and Might,—  
    The Great I AM!

**ST. FRANCIS XAVIER.**

Lo! on the slope of yonder shore  
Beneath that lonely shed,—  
A saint hath found his conflicts o'er,  
And laid his dying head!

No gloom of fear hath glaz'd his eye,  
For though loud billows roll,—  
**The Aurora of Eternity**  
Is rising on his soul.

The glorious Saviour of his love  
Receives him in His arms,  
And bears him, like a ransom'd dove,  
Away from all alarms!

Champion of Jesus!—man of God,  
Servant of Christ, well done!  
Thy path of thorns hath now been trod,  
Thy red-cross crown is won!

O'er the wide waste of watery waves,  
And leagues on leagues of land,  
Amidst a wilderness of graves,  
With death on every hand,—

He flew to woo and win a world;  
That men might kiss the feet  
Of Him, whose banner he unfurl'd,—  
Father,—Son,—Paraclete !

His tongue, the Spirit's two-edg'd sword,  
Had magic in its blade,—  
For while it smote with every word,  
It heal'd the wounds it made !

His lips were love, his touch was power,  
His thoughts were vivid flame,  
The flashes of a thunder-shower—  
Where'er, or when they came !

Around him shone the light of life,  
Before him darkness fell—  
Satan receded from the strife,  
And sought his native hell !

Yet, who so humbly walk'd as he,  
A conqueror in the field,  
Wreathing the rose of victory  
Around his radiant shield !

As silvery clouds, at eventide,  
Float on the balmy gale,  
Nor seem to heed the stars they hide  
Behind their fleecy veil ;

So lowly sense of slightest worth  
Fresh graces o'er him threw ;  
For he unconscious liv'd on earth,  
Of all the praise he drew !

Champion of Jesus ! on that breast  
From whence thy fervour flow'd,  
Thou hast obtain'd eternal rest,  
The bosom of thy God !

Oh ! to be one, through life and death,  
In Christ, with such as thee :  
And when I yield my latest breath,  
Do thou remember me !

**DIES IRÆ.—DIES ILLA.**

Lo! He comes with clouds descending,  
Once for favour'd sinners slain :  
Thousand—thousand saints attending,  
Swell the triumph of his train :  
Alleluia ! Alleluia !  
Jesus Christ shall ever reign !

See the universe in motion,  
Sinking on her funeral pyre,—  
Earth dissolving, and the ocean  
Vanishing in final fire :—  
Hark, the trumpet ! Hark, the trumpet !  
Loud proclaims that Day of Ire !

**Graves have yawn'd in countless numbers,—**

**From the dust the dead arise :**

**Millions, out of silent slumbers,**

**Wake in overwhelm'd surprise ;**

**Where creation,—Where creation,**

**Wreck'd and torn in ruin lies !**

See the Judge our nature wearing,

Pure, ineffable, divine :—

See the great Archangel bearing

High in heaven the mystic sign :

Cross of Glory ! Cross of Glory !

Christ be in that moment mine !

See Redemption,\* long expected,  
 In transcendant pomp appear,—  
 All His saints, by man rejected,  
 Throng in gathering legions near :  
 Melt, ye mountains ! Melt, ye mountains,—  
 Into smoke,—for God is here !

Every eye shall then behold Him  
 Rob'd in awful majesty :—  
 Those that set at nought, and sold Him,  
 Pierc'd and nail'd Him to the tree,—  
 Deeply wailing,—Deeply wailing,  
 Shall the true Messiah see !

---

\* Romans viii. 23.

Lo ! the last long separation !  
As the cleaving crowds divide ;  
And one dread adjudication  
Sends each soul to either side !  
Lord of mercy ! Lord of mercy !  
How shall I that day abide !

Oh ! may Thine own Bride and Spirit  
Then avert a dreadful doom,—  
And me summon to inherit  
An eternal blissful home :—  
Ah ! come quickly ! Ah ! come quickly !  
Let thy second Advent come !

**Yea, Amen! Let all adore Thee  
On Thine amaranthine throne!  
Saviour,—take the power and glory,  
Claim the kingdom for Thine own!  
Men and angels : Men and angels,  
Kneel and bow to Thee alone!**

## SURRENDER.

O Lord, thy heavenly grace impart,  
And fix my frail inconstant heart,—  
That henceforth my desire may be  
To dedicate myself to Thee,—  
To Thee, my God, to Thee !

Whate'er pursuits my time employ,  
One thought shall fill my soul with joy :  
That silent, secret thought shall be  
That all my hopes are fix'd on Thee,—  
On Thee, my God, on Thee !

Thy glorious eye surveys all space,  
Thou art present, Lord, in every place:  
And wheresoe'er my lot may be,  
Still shall my spirit cleave to Thee.—  
To Thee, my God, to Thee!

Renouncing every worldly thing,  
Safe in the covert of Thy wing,—  
My sweetest thought shall henceforth be,  
That all I want, I find in Thee.—  
In Thee, my God, in Thee!

## CRUX SUBLATA.

Matt. xvi. 24.

Jesu,—I my cross have taken,  
All to leave, and follow Thee ;  
I am poor, despis'd, forsaken,—  
Thou henceforth my all shalt be :  
Perish every fond ambition,—  
All I've sought, or hop'd, or known ;  
Yet how rich is my condition,—  
God and heaven may be mine own !

Let the world despise and leave me,  
It has left my Saviour too ;

Human hearts and looks deceive me,  
Thou art not like them untrue:  
Whilst Thy graces shall adorn me,  
God of wisdom, love, and might,—  
Foes may hate, and friends may scorn me;—  
Show Thy face, and all is bright.

Go then,—earthly fame and treasure,  
Come, disaster, scorn, and pain;  
In Thy service, pain is pleasure,—  
With Thy favour, loss is gain.  
I have call'd Thee, Abba Father!  
I have set my heart on Thee:  
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,  
All will work for good to me.

Man may trouble and distress me,  
'Twill but drive me to Thy breast ;  
Life with trials hard may press me,  
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.  
Oh, 'tis not in grief to harm me,  
While Thy love is left to me ;—  
Oh, 'twere not in joy to charm me,  
Were that joy unmix'd with Thee !

Soul,—then know thy full salvation,  
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care ;  
Joy to find in every station,  
Something still to do or bear.  
Think what spirit dwells within thee,  
Think what sacraments are thine;

Think that Jesus died to win thee :  
Child of heaven, canst thou repine !

Haste thee on from grace to glory,  
Arm'd with faith, and wing'd with  
prayer,—  
An eternal day before thee  
Waits for God to guide thee there.  
Soon shall close thine earthly mission,  
Patience shall thy spirit raise ;  
Hope shall change to glad fruition,  
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise !

•

**PECCATOR AD CHRISTUM.**

My spirit longeth for Thee  
To dwell within my breast;  
Although I am unworthy  
Of so divine a Guest !

Of so divine a Guest—  
Unworthy though I be;  
Yet hath my heart no rest  
Until it come to Thee !

Until it come to Thee,—  
In vain I look around ;  
In all that I can see,  
No rest is to be found !

No rest is to be found,  
But in Thy bleeding love :  
Oh ! let my wish be crown'd,  
And send it from above !

**CHRISTUS AD PECCATOREM.**

CHEER up, desponding soul,  
Thy longing pleas'd I see:  
'Tis part of that great whole,  
Wherewith I long'd for thee!

Wherewith I long'd for thee,  
And left my Father's throne;  
From death to set thee free,  
And claim thee for my own !

To claim thee for my own,  
I suffer'd on the cross :  
Oh! were my love but known,  
All else would be as dross !

All else would be as dross !  
And souls, thro' grace divine,  
Would count their gains but loss,  
To live for ever mine !

## SUB CRUCE CHRISTI.

Sweet the moments, rich in blessing,  
Which before the cross I spend;  
Life, and health, and peace possessing  
From the sinner's dying Friend :  
Here I'll sit, for ever viewing  
Mercy's streams in streams of blood ;  
Precious drops my soul bedewing  
Make my final peace with God !

Truly blessed is this station,—  
Low before the cross to lie,  
Resting in the sweet compassion  
Of His mortal agony !

Here alone I find my heaven,  
On the Lamb to humbly gaze ;  
Feel how much has been forgiven,  
To His own eternal praise !

Love and grief my heart dividing,  
Here I'll spend my latest breath ;  
Constant still in faith abiding,—  
Life deriving from His death :  
May I still enjoy this feeling,  
In all need to Jesus go,—  
Prove each day His wounds more healing,  
And Himself more deeply know !

---

RICHARDSON AND SON, DERBY.





Digitized by Google



Digitized by Google